NEW OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL *in* Covent-Garden.

The Words taken from MILTON, SPENSER, *&c.*
And Set to Muſick by Mr. *HANDEL.*

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A NEW

OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.

PART *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult,
And the Nations muſe a vain Thing,
The Kings of the Earth upſtand with Pow'r,
And Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their Plots throughout each Land,
Againſt the Lord and his Anointed?

CHORUS.

Let us break off by Strength of Hand,
And caſt from us, no more to wear
The twiſted Cord and iron Band;
Him or his God we ſcorn to fear.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

O Lord, how many are my Foes?
How many that in Arms againſt me riſe,
That of my Life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No Help for him in God there lies.

Chorus repeated, *Let us break off*, &c.

AIR.

Jehovah, *to my Words give Ear,*
My Meditations weigh,
The Voice of my Complaining hear,
To thee alone, my God and King, I pray.
Chorus repeated, *Let us break off*, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The Higheſt, who in Heav'n doth dwell,
Shall laugh them to Scorn:
The Lord ſhall ſpeak to them in his Wrath,
And in his fell and fierce Ire trouble them:
For I, ſaith He, have anointed Him my King,
(Tho' ye rebel) on *Sion*'s holy Hill.

AIR.

O who ſhall pour into my ſwollen Eyes
A Sea of Tears, that never may be dry'd;
A brazen Voice, that may with ſhrilling Cries
Pierce the dull Heav'ns, and fill the Air ſo wide;

An iron Frame, that Sighing may endure,
To wail the Miſery of the World impure?

AIR.

Fly from the threat'ning Vengeance, fly;
Ere it is too late
Avoid your Fate,
The Bolt once thrown, ye ſurely die:
Put not your Truſt
In the Unjuſt,
Who lift their Heads ſo high.
Fly from, Da Capo.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Humbled with Fear, and awful Reverence,
Before the Footſtool of his Majeſty,
Throw thyſelf down with trembling Innocence,
Nor dare to caſt thy weak, thy dazzled Eye
On the dread Face of that great Deity,
For fear, leſt if he chance to look at thee,
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

AIR.

His Scepter is the Rod of Righteouſneſs,
With which he bruiſe ſhall his Foes to Duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſs
Under the Rigor of his Judgment juſt:
His Seat is Truth, to which the Faithful truſt:

From

From whence proceed her Beams ſo pure and bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious Light:
His Scepter is the Rod of Righteouſneſs,
With which he bruiſeth all his Foes to Duſt.

AIR.

Be wiſe at length, ye Kings averſe,
Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
With Fear Jehovah *ſerve.*

CHORUS.

Be wiſe at length, ye Kings averſe,
Be taught, ye Judges of the Earth,
With Fear Jehovah *ſerve: Or brought full low,*
With iron Scepter bruis'd, and then diſpers'd,
Scatter'd like Sheep, ye periſh in your Way.

RECITATIVE.

Of many Millions the populous Rout,
I fear not, tho' incamping round about
They pitch their Tents againſt me,
My God will riſe, my Help is in the Lord.

AIR.

Jehovah *is my Shield, my Glory;*
Him thro' my Story
Th' Exalter of my Head I count;
Aloud I cry'd,
He ſoon reply'd,
And heard me from his holy Mount:

I lay and ſlept, and wak'd again,
The Lord himſelf did me ſuſtain.
Jehovah *is my Shield,* &c. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Fools or Madmen ſtand not within thy Sight,
All Workers of Iniquity thou hat'ſt,
And them, unbleſt, thou wilt deſtroy;
The bloody and guileful Man thou doſt deteſt.

CHORUS.

God found them guilty, let them fall,
By their own Counſels quell'd,
Puſh'd them in their Rebellions all,
For againſt him they had rebell'd.

End of the Firſt Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

AIR.

OH! Liberty, thou choiceſt Treaſure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleaſure;
Life without thee knows no Bleſſing,
No Endearment worth careſſing.

RECITATIVE.

Who truſts in God ſhou'd ne'er deſpair,
The Juſt are ſtill the Care of Heav'n,
Rejoice, my Soul ---- *Jehovah* hears.

AIR.

Prophetick Viſions ſtrike my Eye,
In vain our Foes for Help ſhall cry:
War ſhall ceaſe,
Welcome Peace,
And triumphs after Victory:
The hoſtile Band,
By his right Hand,
O'erthrown, affrighted leaves the Land.
Prophetick Viſions, &c. Da Capo.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

May God, from whom all Mercies ſpring,
Bleſs the true Church, and ſave the King!
With firm united Hearts we all
Will conquer in his Cauſe, or fall.
May God, &c. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

The Lord hath heard my Pray'r,
Mine Enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh'd
With much Confuſion; then grown red with Shame,
They ſhall return in haſte the Way they came,
And in a Moment ſhall be quite abaſh'd.

AIR.

Then will I Jehovah's *Praiſe*
According to his Juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah, *the moſt High:*
Ever let my Thanks endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

CHORUS.

All his Mercies ſhall endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

AIR.

How great, and many Perils do enfold
The righteous Man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heav'nly Grace doth him uphold,
And ſtedfaſt Truth acquit him out of all!

DUET.

After long Storms and Tempeſt overblown,
The Sun, at length, his joyful Face doth clear;
Thus after Fortune's Rage is ſhown,
A bliſsful Hour at laſt is known,
Elſe would afflicted Man deſpair. Da Capo.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

To God our Strength ſing loud and clear,
Sing loud to God our King,
To *Jacob*'s God, that all may hear
Loud Acclamations ring.

AIR.

Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Pſaltry bring along,
And Harp with pleaſant String.

CHORUS.

Prepare the Hymn, prepare the Song,
The Timbrel hither bring;
The chearful Pſaltry bring along,
And Harp with pleaſant String.

AIR.

AIR.

He has his Manſion fix'd on high,
Above the Reach of Mortal Eye:
Who by his Wiſdom did create
The painted Skies, ſo full of State,
And did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry Plain:
Who, by his all-commanding Might,
Did fill the new-made World with Light;
Then caus'd the golden treſſed Sun,
And the horn'd Moon, their Courſe to run.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, *your Voices raiſe,*
Jehovah, *Lord of Hoſts, to praiſe.*
Hallelujah.

End of the Second Part.

PART *the* THIRD.

CHORUS.

I WILL ſing unto the Lord,
For he hath triumphed glorioufly,
The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among ſt the Gods?
Who is like thee, glorious in Holineſs,
Fearful in Praiſes, doing Wonders?
He gave the Egyptians *Storms for Rain.*

CHORUS.

He gave them Hailſtones for Rain,
Fire mingled with the Hail ran along upon the Ground.

AIR.

When warlike Enſigns wave on high,
And Trumpets pierce the vaulted Sky,
The frighted Peaſant ſees his Field
For Corn an Iron Harveſt yield,

No

No Paſture on the Plain appears,
And rural Joys are chang'd to Tears.
Be calm, and Heav'n will ſoon diſpoſe
To future Good our preſent Woes.

RECITATIVE *and* AIR.

The Enemy ſaid, I will purſue,
I'll overtake, I will divide the Spoil,
My Luſt ſhall be ſatisfied upon them.
I will draw my Sword,
My Hand ſhall deſtroy them.

AIR.

The Sword that's drawn in Virtue's Cauſe,
To guard our Country, and the Laws,
Friend, Parent, Children dear;
To guide its Edge we Heav'n invoke,
Rebellion falls beneath the Stroke,
And Joy ſucceeds to Fear.
Millions unborn ſhall bleſs the Hand
That gave Deliv'rance to the Land.

CHORUS.

Millions unborn ſhall bleſs the Hand
That gave Deliv'rance to the Land.

RECITATIVE *and* AIR.

When *Iſrael*, like the bounteous *Nile*,
For *Egypt*'s Lords enrich'd the Soil,
The Streams our guſhing Eyes ſupply'd
Increas'd the River's ſwelling Tide.

AIR

AIR.

Tyrants, whom no Cov'nants bind,
Nor ſolemn Oaths can awe,
Strove t' enſlave the free-born Mind,
Religion, Liberty, and Law:
Its own Vicegerent Heav'n ordains
To free the World, and break th' Oppreſſor's Chains.

Recitative, *and* Air, *and* Chorus.

May balmy Peace, and wreath'd Renown,
The virtuous Hero ever crown!
May Bliſs eternal be his Share,
Whoſe God and People are his Care!

ANTHEM.

Bleſſed are all they that fear the Lord.
God ſave the King!
Long live the King!
May the King live for ever! Hallelujah, Amen

FINIS.